

THE DAILY HERALD.

THE HERALD COMPANY.

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Herr Most, the anarchist, is for McKinley. Most anarchists are.

The new woman of a few summers ago is becoming somewhat passe.

Could he do it, Major McKinley would synecopate that St. Louis platform.

Half the world's product of quinine is used in the United States. Shake.

"It is human nature to kick," says a local philosopher. And so it is a male's.

Since he has been at Buzzard's Bay Mr. Cleveland has got a pretty kettle of fish.

It is wrong to say that McKinley is dumb as an oyster. Oysters are out of season.

Goldbugs willingly accept silver plat- ters, but refuse to accept silver plat- forms. How strange!

The watchworn in Chicago at present is: "To arms, ye brave." And the braves are all getting them.

Will E. Ellery Anderson make a notch in the handle of his pistol every time he shoots a silver man?

The gold press says it is time to call a halt. Well, go right ahead and call it, and see what the result will be.

The Salisbury government has lost much ground in the past few months, particularly along the Cuyul river.

Corbett not talking when he has a fight on hand may be said to be a striking contrast to his former self.

Henri Watterson talks about "Democracy's sole hope." Henri has an idea that he is the soul of Democracy.

No people ever were so mad as the gold people are. But then whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

Delegate Marsden, of Louisiana, has not bolted, but if he should the Prohibition party would be the place for him.

If the free coinage sentiment continues to spread in Massachusetts as it is doing now, President Cleveland will be right at home in it.

Senator Vilas and General Dugan are preparing an address to the Democrats of Wisconsin. There will be more brag than anything else about it.

Of course Henri Watterson wants another ticket. He wanted one in 1872 and was a leading spirit in the Greeley movement. Henri can't do it again.

The silver idea continues to spread in New England, and this notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Cleveland is right close at hand in Buzzard's Bay.

One of the ablest governors that Massachusetts ever had was called the "boy governor." Isn't it time to stop the silly talk about the boy candidate for president?

How would it do for those who bolted the Chicago platform and ticket but are averse to an independent ticket to join the prohibitionists? They are to-

"Bryan's oratory recalls Disraeli's al- lusion to one of his contemporaries as 'a sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own ver- bosity,'" says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The sophistical rhetorician to whom Disraeli referred was none other than Hon. William E. Gladstone.

The Boston Journal says that within the past year there have died in Massachusetts four ex-governors and one governor. They are ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice, died July 22, 1895; ex-Governor Oliver Ames, died October 22, 1895; ex-Governor George D. Robinson, February 22, 1896; Governor Frederic T. Greenhalgh, March 5, 1896, and ex-Governor William E. Russell, July 16, 1896. Only four ex-governors are now living—George S. Boutwell, who occupied the gubernatorial chair from 1831 to 1835; William Claflin, who served from 1869 to 1871; John D. Long, who served from 1880 to 1883, and J. C. A. Brackett, who was governor from 1890 to 1891.

The faithful Democrats who pleaded in vain for a hearing at Chicago will be heard in the final reckoning at the ballot box. They are the "saving remnant," and they hold the balance of power between the madness of free silver on the one hand and the mad- ness of a return to ultra-protectionism on the other. Their task is to save their own party from itself, their coun- try from financial disaster and disas- ter, and incidentally, we hope, to save it also from a return to the extreme tariff policy of 1890," says the Balti- more Sun. And their "balance of pow- er" has unbalanced their minds. They would do well to save themselves with- out waiting to save the party.

THE REPUBLICANS' DILEMMA.

Our morning contemporary in its issue of yesterday gave its idea of what it thought the Republican convention should do. "We think," it says, "it would be a shame if that convention should not repeat the resolution passed by the convention which sent delegates to St. Louis and declare for silver restoration, a just protective tariff and reciprocity. We think it should insist that the candidate for congress should be a pronounced believer in silver restoration. We think there should be a recommendation by the convention that the legislature elect one to the senate who is not an earnest, aggressive believer in silver rehabilitation."

What the Republican state convention will do, we cannot pretend to say; it is very much to be doubted whether the Republicans themselves can say at this time what it will do. Can there be any harmony of action in the convention on the silver question? If the suggestions of our contemporary are adopted, it would be a flying in the face of the St. Louis convention and a repudiation of its platform. If they are not adopted, it will simply mean that the attitude of the national Re- publican party on the silver question is the attitude of the Republican party of Utah, which attitude is one of hostility to the free coinage of silver, which, according to the declaration of the St. Louis platform, would be a debasement of our currency.

If the convention insists that the candidate for congress shall be a pro- nounced believer in silver restoration, it will insist that he be an anti-McKinley man on the paramount issue of the campaign. If it insists that he shall be in harmony with the national party on this issue, then it will insist that he be opposed to the sentiment of the state on the silver issue. The same will be the case in the matter of the election of a United States senator.

It will scarcely be possible to get voters to look so far ahead as to what will be the question before the coun- try two or four years hence and vote accordingly this year. If the country gets free silver within the next two years, and if all the hopes held out by the promise of free silver are not false, the prosperity of the country will be such that the people will have no interest in tariff in any of its forms, whether for protection or revenue, and reciprocity will be regarded as the doctrine of the protectionist doctrin- aires.

Let the people bend all their ener- gies to the securing of free silver now, giving no heed to those questions which are practically not in issue in the present campaign.

HOKE SMITH'S PAPER FOR BRYAN.

The news comes from Atlanta that the Journal of that city, while not approving all the Chicago platform, will support Bryan and Sewall. It is a very important announcement for several reasons. Since the Chicago convention the Journal has been very hostile to Mr. Bryan and has been hard- ly less severe in its criticisms of the convention and its nominee than the most rabid bolters. It has been anti- silver ever since silver became an is- sue, and opposed ex-Speaker Crisp, who was advocating silver, with might and main. These facts make the an- nouncement important; but there is another which makes it more important still. It is that the Journal is Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith's personal organ, and has generally been believed to represent administration views on important questions. That it now de- clares its intention of supporting Bryan and Sewall may be taken as an intimation that the administration will also support them. It is not probable that Secretary Smith would take such an important step without having the approval of the administration, for it must be remembered in this regard that he stumped Georgia in behalf of sound money at Mr. Cleveland's behest. No cabinet officer under the present administration has ever been known to take any free and independent step of importance without waiting for the consent of any other nation—the ad- ministration, we should say.

This declaration by the Atlanta Jour- nal in favor of Bryan and Sewall will be like the spreading of a wet blanket over the jubilant goldbugs.

MR. CLEVELAND AND THE SILVER SENTIMENT.

The New York Evening Post thinks that the historian who shall look care- fully into the causes of the strength of the silver movement in the United States in the year 1896 will find that one of its most potent elements was the jealousy and hatred felt by Demo- cratic leaders for President Cleveland. It says a great many reasons can be given for this hostility. It began back in his first term, it declares, when he refused to consider that one of his chief duties as a Democratic president was to satisfy Democratic hunger for office; that it was augmented by the irritation which old political bosses like the mossback senators felt to see a new man in the party compel its obedi- ence to sound doctrine against the opinions expressed by themselves and by many of their constituents. As Mr. Cleveland did in securing a renom- ination in the face of his denunciation of free silver, and in compelling the repeal of the Sherman act against the personal wishes of so many senators. In view of all this, to find all the sen- ators who have sought occasion to op- pose the president (as on the tariff question) drifting one by one into the Bryan camp. Gorman, it says, logi- cally marches with his captives; Faul- ster and New Jersey practically places his banner on the Bryan wall as he hurries off to Europe. In conclusion it says it need surprise no one if other anti-Cleveland senators very speedily join in the same procession.

How will the Post explain the very recent accession of the Atlanta Jour- nal to the ranks of the Bryan and Sewall men? That journal is the per- sonal organ of Mr. Hoke Smith, Mr. Cleveland's secretary of the in- terior.

If there have been jealousy and hat- red felt by Democratic leaders for President Cleveland, he has himself to thank for them. The reasons for this we have never seen better set forth than by the Post itself. In a long leader, some two years ago, it pointed out how in his first term he had alien- ated the leaders of his party, men who were prominent in it when he was un- known; it told of how he had turned his back upon the men who had been his friends and had secured his nomi-

nation at Chicago in 1892; it declared that he was not an attractive man; or which was true. It was the most scath- ing article upon Mr. Cleveland that we have ever seen. What prompted the Post to write such an article? Are we to think that it was, at that time, an irritated old political boss? Was it because the Post could not bear to have its English idols spoken of with anything but reverence and regard, bowed down to and worshipped, that it so denounced Mr. Cleveland for his message of December 17, 1895, on the Venezuela question? For months thereafter it said as hard things about him as were ever uttered by any sil- ver paper or speaker. Mr. Cleveland turned a side of his character to it which it did not like, and it said so. He turned to the Democratic leaders a side of his character which they did not like, and they said so.

If there is any relation between the causes of the strength of the silver movement in the United States in 1896 and dislike of Democratic leaders for Mr. Cleveland, it is to be found in the fact Mr. Cleveland deliberately alien- ated those leaders and the great mas- ses of his party, which were and are attached to the principles of bimetal- lism and free coinage for both gold and silver, and set himself up as the fighting champion of the single gold standard. His relation to the strength of the silver movement in 1896 is a mere accident and not essential.

THE MILLITIA CENSUS.

The taking of the militia census of Salt Lake county has given rise to some comment in the community be- cause the county court ignored the opinion of the county attorney in the matter, and because of the cost of the census. The duty of taking it devolves upon the assessor, but how he shall take it the statute does not say. It was the opinion of the county attorney that it should be taken when the assessments are made. This was not done, but instead the assessor em- ployed men for the special purpose of taking the census, agreeing to pay them four dollars per day. That the assessor had the right to employ them seems to be the case; that he had the right to fix their compensation when the county was to pay it is not at all clear. The price is excessive in these times, being more than judges of elec- tion have been allowed in the past; and the enumerators have only had to work eight hours a day, and not work very hard either. The county court should not have voted to pay any such compensation. If the assessor did not choose to consult the court as to the compensation to be paid the enumer- ators, that fact did not relieve the court of its duty. If the assessor had put the compensation at ten dollars a day presumably the court would have felt it incumbent upon them to vote for such compensation. The taking of the militia census will cost the tax- payers of the county some two thou- sand dollars (one of the commissioners says the assessor assures him the cost will not exceed eleven hundred dollars). The total appropriation made by the legislature for the maintenance of the state guard for the year 1896 is only three thousand dollars. The law relat- ing to the taking of the militia census needs amendment; the taxpayers are paying too much for their whistle.

DEMAGOGY IN POLITICS.

Perhaps the worst feature in Ameri- can politics is demagoguery. It is always an apt to passion and prejudice. Already it has begun in this cam- paign. A New York Sun, which bolted the Chicago convention because it was so opposed to demagoguery and so attached to principle, started in to make a demagogic campaign against Mr. Bryan. It made the very silly charge that he is a corporation at- torney, a railroad corporation at that. Its charge was this:

"Some little surprise will doubtless be caused among those friends of William J. Bryan, candidate of the nonpartisan convention at Chicago, who do not already know of it, on learning that he has been for some time a paid em- ployee of a very large and rich corpora- tion. This corporation is the Missouri Pacific Railroad company. Mr. Bryan, in the intervals of his Populist and free silver rhetoric, finds time to act as assistant attorney for the state of Nebraska, under General Attorney B. F. Waggoner of the Missouri Pacific."

And what if Mr. Bryan were an at- torney in the employ of the Missouri Pacific railway. He has a perfect right to find employment wherever he can the same as any other American. But it seems that the Sun, which has ever prided itself on its accuracy, was wrong. The New York World tele- graphed to Mr. Bryan's law partner in Lincoln, Neb., and received this answer:

"To the Editor of the World: Your telegram received. Mr. Bryan is not now and never was the paid attorney of the Missouri Pacific or any other railway company. He has never re- ceived a personal salary or fee from the Missouri Pacific. He is not now and never was assistant state attorney."

"A. R. TALBOT."

What a contemptible thing to do on the part of the Sun. Corporations are not saints by any means, neither are they the absolute devils some would have the people believe. We believe it would be no exaggeration to say that at least a third of the hired labor of the state is in the employ of corpora- tions.

It is as proper for a man to be the attorney of a railroad company as for a man to be an engineer, trainman, or section hand on a railroad. And it would be just as right to attempt to hold a man up to scorn for holding one position on a railroad as for holding another. The Sun has tried to play the demagogue and has been thoroughly exposed.

TWO MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE.

The very sudden death of ex-Gov- ernor William E. Russell, of Massa- chusetts, brought forth many expres- sions of sincere and deep regret from many quarters. President Cleveland sent his condolences as did also Mr. Bryan. It is well that their con- dolences be placed side by side for com- parison. President Cleveland wrote:

"My personal relations were so inti- mate and close with ex-Governor Rus- sell that I could not but be terribly shocked at the news of his sudden death which I received today. While this intelligence has caused me to mourn the personal loss, I cannot forget Mr. Russell's eminent public ser- vices and his attributes of bravery and patriotism which made him so valua- ble a citizen, and especially at this

time, when courageous adherence to the right and unflinching advocacy of sound principles are so much needed.

It may therefore well be said that the country has suffered a bereavement. The people of Massachusetts surely cannot fail to mourn throughout the length and breadth of the common- wealth the untimely death of a son of their state who at all times reflected honor upon his native state.

Mr. Bryan expressed his condolences in much fewer words, and as follows:

"I have just learned of the sudden death of ex-Governor Russell, and am pained to express to you my profound sympathy. Your husband's friends were legion, and they all share your sorrow."

Of the sincerity of the sorrow of each man over the death of the able and dis- tinguished ex-governor there can not be the least doubt, but we think President Cleveland's reference to the political issues of the day was not in good taste, that it was in fact wholly out of place. Some might think that his praise is be- stowed because ex-Governor Russell's views on the financial question were in harmony with his own. A message of condolence is scarcely the place in which to commend or condemn politi- cal views.

"Forty thousand words! Take them—a gift of flies!"

Words that should have been birds, Words that should have been flowers, Words that should have been stars, In the eternal skies, Forty thousand words, Forty thousand words, All out of two sad eyes."

Says Risha to Gallien. In midsum- mer no one particularly cares for a gift of flies, so the chances are that Risha will have to keep them all for himself.

"The report from the west that Mr. Bryan rode to the station in a cab is an important detail. The Demo-Populist agitation might have required him to take the trip in an ash-hauler's wagon," says the Pittsburg Dispatch. That is merely a sneer at Mr. Bryan because he is not able to keep a private livery stable and play the great koe. Such sneers only make the com- mon people think more of him.

Mr. Hanna's literary bureau is most- ly filled with check books.

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

Mr. Debs has written a letter declining the Populist nomination for president. He is willing to retire to private life, but does not desire to do it by so long and fatiguing a route. —Washington Post.

Wonder what McKinley thinks of the fellow paying the tax at this time. The tariff writers, of whom is the holy tariff—Pittsburg Post.

White-law Reid's effort to convince the public that the tariff is the issue bids fair to be every bit as successful as the White-law Reid vice presidential boom. —Washington Post.

The commonwealth of Massachusetts mourns a noble son. To the hearts of all the people of Massachusetts comes grief at the loss of one who was loved as well as respected. As the chief magistrate, as the good citizen, as the manly man among men, William Brewster Russell made for himself a place in the history of the state and in the affections of its people which his sudden death leaves sadly vacant. —Boston Post.

This is the silly season. A girl walked along Fourteenth street, New York, the other afternoon, leading a fine white An- gora cat by a string. The cat was love- ly, and so was the girl, and in two min- utes the crowd of people had gathered to block the street. But they marched along as though utterly ignorant of the sensation they were creating. If anything can equal the absolute indifference of a cat to a stranger's handshakes, it is a girl who pretends she is not aware of the attention she is attracting. —Boston Her- ald.

William Dean Howells has not succeed- ed in abolishing the custom of tipping waiters. Although he has made able as- saults upon it, about all he has accom- plished is to place himself in danger of starvation the first time that undiscipli- ned he sent over a restaurant. —San Fran- cisco Examiner.

THE CASTLE NEAR THE WINDOW SEAT.

There's a castle near the window seat, a castle made of wood. Where dwells full many a wondrous night, some very bad, some good. On the upper floor lives Crusoe bold, and Mr. Quiver, who

Once sailed afar on the broad salt sea; and there's Columbus, too.

And next to them lives Robin Hood and all of his merry band, With his bow and arrow, Riding Hood, upon his strong right hand; And (unmy old Don Quixote, too, lives away up there with them.

With his battered helmet on his head and tin cups on his knees.

On the lower floor is a fairy store—Tiana and her fairy, And Brownies by the dozens who are waiting at the door.

And Cinderella lives near them, with her good old fairy friend, And close to her Abigail dwells, with stores of gold to spend.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb lives up there, too, and Jack with his bag of beans.

And Alice of the Looking Glass, with her queer old ruddy queen; And all the barbers await therein, of the old Arabian Nights.

And strewn about are heroes of at least a thousand fights.

"Tis a wondrous band of persons grand that nursery castle holds; With fearful hearts, and fearful birds, and witches, too, and scolds; And you a almost think it would frighten me to look when I go to bed.

That all of these creatures live so close, almost at my very head.

But doesn't, you see, for I am King, and I hold the castle keys; Not can I stir from my settled place within these I please.

And, after all, they are safe enough, in spite of their wicked looks, For the castle walls of which I speak make the case where I keep my books.

—Harper's Round Table.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"The doctor has forbidden me to drink any more champagne."

"Probably, until after you have paid his bill." —Zigzag Blatter.

Explained.—Mrs. Benham—I don't see how you can look me in the face."

Benham—A man can get used to any- thing.—Truth.

Breaking it to him Gently.—"Is Miss Cabotts in?" inquired the caller.

"That depends on you. Are you Mither Jones?" said Bridget.

"Yes."

"She's gone out." —Harper's Bazar.

"Kitty, don't you think men are awfully smart to understand politics as they do?"

"Why, men aren't either at all. I never saw one yet who knew what 'cut bins' meant." —Chicago Record.

"A Child of Fortune.—He—I came within an ace of running over a lady this morn- ing when I was on my wheel."

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first to make an arrest for scorching." —Indianapolis Journal.

"Who's d's here sixteen to one busi- ness?" asked one colored man. "Doesn't you know what dat is?" "No, does, An' I b'st er razer yoh doan know polder."

"Yass, I do. Yass, I do. Sixteen ter one—um—sixteen ter one is what all de white folks is talkin' bout case dey done got tired o' Tribby an' de X ray." —Washington Star.

"Supposing," remarked the man who wears glasses and talks at random, "that we were to have war?"

"We're not going to have any such a thing," replied Keener.

"But supposing we should. What seems a misfortune would become an advantage. If we should have war, I wouldn't go be- cause I'm too nearsighted."

"I wouldn't go, either. I'm too far- sighted." —Washington Star.

"That Charlie Spindles is a horrid fel- low, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he once saved me from a mad bull."

"How was that?"

"I saw Charlie coming and went through another field." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He (after the second act).—Well, if you'll excuse me, I guess I'll go out and get a breath of fresh air.

She.—If it's the same kind of breath you went out for while you was with you before, I'd rather you wouldn't bring it with you. —Boston Journal.

A Novel in Miniature.—"Henrietta," said Ethelbert, as our story opens, "what do you think of Shakespeare as a poet?"

"Nothing, Ethelbert," replied Henrietta. "I have no time to think of any one but you."

The rest of this entertaining romance can be more easily imagined than de- scribed. —Harper's Bazar.

TALES OF THE DAY.

"No Cure; No Pay."

Judge Joline was already to decide what appeared to be a clear enough case in the Camden district court yesterday, when an unlooked for obstacle arose and he re- served decision. It was in the trial of a suit brought by Dr. G. P. Pinlaw, a well known specialist, against E. Siley, a pro- perous grain dealer, to recover \$100.

The doctor stated his case briefly, ex- plaining that he had attended Mrs. Siley and that Mr. Siley had refused to pay his bill. That was plain enough, but when the plaintiff was turned over for cross-examination to Judge Howard Carroll, as counsel for Siley, the case took a somewhat different turn.

"Doctor, this is a pamphlet issued by you, is it not?" asked the attorney, pre- senting a small book issued as an ad- vertising circular by the doctor.

"Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff.

"And are all its statements true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please turn to page 10."

The doctor turned the leaves and opened the designated page.

"Read the last line."

"No cure; no pay," quoted the plaintiff. "That's what that is our case. Mrs. Siley died," and the judge pro- ceeded to read up his papers.

Judge Joline gave his spectacles a twitch gave a turn to his fleshy moustache, and said that he would decide the case later on. —Philadelphia Record.

No More Midnight Falls.

She watched him put the package away carefully, and, woman-like, she was curi- ous.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Phosphorus," he replied.

"What do you intend to do with it?" she persisted.